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Bhot And the Bhotiyas.

Bhot is the name given to a tract of land which comprises the valleys of the snowy range in the Himalaya Mountains, by means of which access is obtained to that part of Tibet called Hundes. These five valleys form great trade routes for the Bhotiyas, and they abound in primeval forests of cypress, cedars, pines, oaks, and other trees. Monsiary is a valley studded with large villages, nestling in the midst of rich cultivation. It

A WOMAN OF BHOT.

is the principal winter resort of the Bhotiyas, and may be regarded as the centre of the work in that region, of the London Missionary Society. The Bhotiyas are a fine race of hardy mountaineers, extremely fond of music, and this proves a wonderful help in the work of preaching the Gospel to them.—'L. M. S. Chronicle.'

The Last Message.

('Friendly Greetings.')

Ellen Butler was a zealous, faithful young Christian. Her home was situated in a wild mining district, inhabited mostly by rough miners and a few agricultural laborers. Remembering the divine injunction, she strove to sow the seed of Scripture truth among the rough, hardened men.

By means of her ministrations to them and their families, she gained their confidence, so that most of the men had a kindly word for Miss Butler, while not a few went in wholesome dread of her faithful rebukes to their superstition and ungodliness. Among other agencies set in motion by her was a weekly meeting for expounding the Scriptures and for prayer, at which meeting a goodly number of the men attended. One of the wildest and fiercest of the miners was a tall, thick-set fellow called 'Bill.' He was the terror of the neighborhood, and by his reckless daring and evil habits had earned a repute for sin far outstretching all the rest.

Once now and then Bill would attend at this weekly meeting, but as mostly he was flushed with drink, and upon occasion repulsive with blasphemy, his presence was rather feared than desired by the other attendants. On such occasions Miss Butler would silence him with some terrible warning passage from the Word of God, publicly rebuking his transgressions and his vileness. Then he would go away swearing still, but in an undertone, for fear of the faithful rebuker.

Miss Butler sat at work in her parlor one afternoon, pondering over the results of her labors in that unpromising field, when a strong impression came to her—an impression which she could not shake off—that she should go to see Bill.

'Go to Bill,' the inward voice said, 'and tell him that this is the last time I shall send to him. This is his last offer of mercy.' Thinking that it might be only a passing thought, she strove to put it from her; but it returned again and again with such pertinacity that it made her very restless.

'Go, go to Bill,' the voice repeated. 'Warn him for the last time.' At last, unable to resist longer, she put on her hat and started off, over rough, bleak moorland in the midst of a black, dreary mining country. At length she reached the mine where Bill worked, and, going straight to the offices, inquired where the man could be found.

As it turned out, he was in the engine-room, lolling and smoking with some companions as reckless and idle as himself. Miss Butler encountered a look of surprise on the man's face; but she spoke gently, asking him to come out, as she had a message for him.

For a wonder he assented without foul language, perhaps silenced by the unusual character of the visit. Miss Butler walked on until they had gained a place secure from observation and hearing, and then, turning round, she faced the bold blasphemer, saying:

'God has sent me to you with a message, Bill. He says this is your last offer of mercy; your last hope of pardon; the last entreaty of his Spirit. Will you listen? and will you come to him now?'

'Oh, I can't, Miss! I have no time,' replied the man, somewhat awed.

'You had time just now for idling when you were in the engine-room. Oh, do listen to the Saviour's voice now, and turn, ere it be too late! He beseeches you by me to become reconciled to himself to-day. I am sent to you with a special message. This message is, Come now to Christ; come to-day; to-morrow you may be shut out.'

'I can't attend to it now, Miss,' returned the man, a little more softly; 'but I'll come to your meeting next Tuesday, certain sure.'

'You must not put it off so, Bill. The Spirit of God is striving with you, and you know not if ever you will have another chance; indeed, it is strongly impressed upon my mind that you will not. Remember, the same Saviour who said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," will also say to some, in the last great judgment, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." I hold out to you his invitation and promise now; but if you reject them, you will hear the curse.'

'Well, I'll risk it; I ain't so easily frightened. There'll be plenty of time yet. At any rate, it's not long till Tuesday evening, and I'll be sure to come to your meeting.'

'Well, Bill,' said Miss Butler, fixing her eyes solemnly upon the man, 'I have come to you with the last message of hope. Now I have done my duty. The guilt rests upon

your own head. May God yet have mercy upon you! I leave you in his hands.' Thus the interview ended.

Next day Bill went home from his work at the mine complaining of a bad headache. At dawn of morning he was in a high fever. As he belonged to a benefit society, his wife sent for the usual medical man, who enjoined the strictest quiet and rest. But the word from the throne had gone forth, and by slow and sure degrees Bill passed into the most delirious state of brain fever.

Yet occasionally lucid intervals came, in which his memory recalled the conversation of two or three days before. At such times he would groan, 'My last hope! my last hope!' and then, losing consciousness, he would go off into frantic ravings. A few days of this terrible suffering went on, and then Bill's spirit fled to the presence of its maker, there to answer for his rejection of the last message of mercy.

This occurrence produced a very deep and widespread feeling of awe in the neighborhood. The circumstances were too well known to be laughed away, too terrible to be laughed at. They led others to think more seriously of the future, and to receive the warnings and invitations of the Gospel with greater solemnity, so that many among those rough miners received the word of reconciliation by the ministry of Miss Butler.

The Pastor's Dream.

The day had been devoted to the interests of foreign missions. The pastor sat in his study absently gazing into the fire, while his mind reviewed the work of the day. The weather had been beautiful—the atmosphere just frosty enough to be invigorating. The congregations had been unusually large; but the pastor recalled with a pang that, despite his laborious, prayerful preparation, and plain, earnest presentation of the facts, his pleading for personal sacrifice among his flock for the sake of missions had been received with almost indifference. With a drooping spirit and a murmured prayer, he turned and leaned his head upon his desk. Thus he slept and dreamed.

I.

'You are going to buy a new pair of gloves. Your old ones are tolerably good, but you are going to buy a new pair. You have the money laid by to get them. Can you not—oh, will you not deny your pride this gratification and give the money to foreign mission work—to Christ? Even so small an offering may lead to the salvation of many souls.' Yes, he remembered having said it in his morning sermon, but he little thought that she had been impressed by it. She, of all others, so thoughtless and so gay! But he sees her now, as she sits with her bible open in her lap, her finger pointing to the words, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' and, in some strange way, he understands her thoughts, '"Even so small an offering may lead to the salvation of many souls." I wonder if that is true. Of course it is, or pastor would not have said so.'

II.

A strange place, a stranger people. There are a number assembled in one place. Some one is addressing them in their native tongue. Ah! the mystery is understood. It is a foreign mission station. The sermon is ended and the missionary begins to distribute tracts to his hearers. One of more noble bearing than the rest, and whose garments bespeak wealth and rank, approaches. His conversation reveals that he is from a distant village never visited by the missionaries. He is given a copy of the New Testament and some tracts in his native language. These, it is strangely revealed to the dreamer, are the sacrificed new pair of gloves in another form.

III.

A different village, a similar people, but years afterward. On the rising ground, just at the edge of the village, stands a beautiful chapel. From the open doors comes the voice of some one speaking. It is in a foreign tongue, but the dreaming pastor recognizes the voice as that of him who received the New Testament and the tracts in the preceding scene. And what mystery! He understands that this is what he says: 'Thus, dear brethren, the Lord has blessed us. Ten years ago we knew nothing of the true God. Now we, our wives, our children, know him and love to serve him. Thanks be unto God, who "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."'

There is the noise of a congregation rising, and the sweet strains of 'Old Hundred' sung by many voices, with an intensity of love and gratitude that is foreign to our worship, swelling outward and upward:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly hosts;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Something whispers in the dreamer's ear, 'This is the sacrificed new pair of gloves to-day, but only eternity shall reveal what it becomes hereafter. "And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit in the Kingdom of God."'—'Journal and Messenger.'

Our Engagements.

(Rev. F. B. Meyer in 'Golden Rule.')

You should take every means of knowing one another. However it is managed, be sure to know something more of a man or woman than is given when either is dressed in Sunday best, and clothed in most attractive and persuasive manners. All is not gold that glitters. Some people are like the baskets of strawberries sold in London streets; all the big ones are on the top, and those below are very, very small.

Young ladies! I am sorry to say it, but some of the nicest of nice men are the most arrant scamps that ever walked. Do not believe their word, do not intrust yourselves to them, unless you know something more of them than they say of themselves.

And, young men, I would warn you not to think that a girl can be judged by her manners in the drawing-room, or at a picnic. Try to drop in in the morning; make an excuse for calling. See how she looks in her morning dress. Is it tidy, neat and suitable? Is she helping her mother with the younger children? Is she pleasant in her behavior to the servants?

I had once to choose a wife for a young working man, and was assured that my anticipations as to the suitability of a certain maiden were justified, because she opened the door of her father's cottage at ten in the morning with her hair tidy, a neat, print dress (the sleeves of which were tucked up above her elbows), and soap-suds were steaming all up her bare arms. 'She will do,' I said to myself.

Notice, when you are with the one to whom you are attracted, these points: How does the young man speak of his parents? Does he call his mother 'mother?' Does he take an interest in his younger brothers and sisters? Does he attend church for himself, or only because you go with him? Does he ever suggest taking you to some place of amusement where women are treated with unhallowed familiarity and scant respect? As a young man acts in any of these respects, you may judge him; and remember that little unsuspected words and acts on his part are more likely to reveal his true character than any number of protestations and vows. Every man reveals his real self once or twice to the woman he wooes, and if only women would act on the slight suspicions which sometimes cross them, how many broken hearts would be saved!

Do not suppose that you can alter a man after you are wed. If you cannot fashion him before marriage, you cannot after. A woman dreams that, when once she is wife, she will be able to mould her husband to her mind. It is a vain illusion, which in millions of cases has been rudely dissipated. Besides which, are we always able to command the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, especially when we have acted in direct violation of his expostulations?

If you are not sure, don't let your heart go, young girl. Break off an engagement rather than expose your wooer and yourself to lasting misery. It will be kinder to him in the end, because where there is not absolute oneness there cannot be lasting happiness.

If he threatens to commit suicide, be well assured he will never do it. He has no right to talk to you like that, and is a coward to play upon your feelings. Besides a man who talks so lightly of throwing away his own life is not one to whom a woman should intrust hers.

Young men had better consult their mothers or sisters before they take the irrevocable step. Women are quick at reading character, and those that love you will be most likely to choose well for you. Let the women of your family into your secret. Dear souls, they will guess your secret even if you do not tell it, and you may as well tell it; it will please them, and they will advise you well.

There is no harm in early engagements. When I am sure that it is a love-match, and in other respects suitable, I am glad to see young people drawn together, though in their teens. Probably nothing will more certainly keep them pure and sweet amid the contaminating influences of the world.

A Consecrated Shut-In.

What one woman, feeble in health, can do to save souls is exemplified in the career of Sarah Robinson, of Portsmouth, England. Twenty-five years ago the verdict of her London doctor was a couch for the greater part of her life. Hearing this she went to the Lord with it and made one definite request: That my complaint might never hinder my working, whether my life was long or short. I promised him that, by his grace, I would not repine at pain or ugliness, if only I might work without interruption. From that day to this, notwithstanding her spinal weakness, she has by personal energy and influence carried out her plans in successful temperance work among soldiers. Her motto was 'Ready,' adhered to through many misgivings as to her power for effectual service. Large mission buildings, soldiers' homes, and coffee houses in three seaports stand as one phase of the results.—'Golden Rule.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Old Jake.

(By Lucy L. Weedon, Author of 'Jenny's Bird,' etc.)

'What will America look like, mother?' said little Alice.

'I know,' shouted Alec. 'It will be a thick wood, with bears and things walking about.'

'Oh, mother,' Alice whispered, 'I wish we weren't going! Couldn't we go back to England again?'

'No, dearie, I'm afraid we could not,' said mother. 'What would uncle say? Besides, I don't think he would have wanted us to come if we were only to be eaten up by bears, eh?'

It was a great relief to Alice when they reached New York to find that Alec certainly was wrong, for to the little girl's inexperienced eyes it seemed that America was very like England. Alec was dreadfully disappointed, but his mother consoled him by saying that no doubt there would be plenty of forest when they reached their new home. Somehow the children had imagined that as soon as the ship got into port their travels would be at an end, but now it seemed to them that the longest part of their journey began. For miles and miles they went by train, and they grew so weary and fretful that their mother was in despair. Then, too, Alice was terrified at the guards and stewards, who were all black men, and the sight of whose merry, good-humored faces sent the delicate little girl into a screaming fit.

So they were all very glad to reach Pine Creek, and know their journey was over.

Uncle Rob had sent a big waggon to the station for them, and his trusty servant, old Jake, stood beside it, only too anxious to welcome his dear master's relations.

But when he would have lifted Alice into the cart, she just screamed with fright, and hid her face in her mother's dress.

'Missy soon learn love old Jake,' said the kind old man, but Alice thought she never would.

Mrs. Graham's husband was dead, and she had had a hard struggle to provide for her two little ones, and so, was very grateful when her brother wrote, offering them a home with him in the Far West.

How pleased he was to see them all, and what a pet he made of little Alice! In half an hour the children seemed quite at home, and were delighted with everything and everybody they saw; at least, with the exception of poor old Jake, and though Alec soon made friends with him, Alice was as foolish as ever in her fear of his black face. Scolding or coaxing had no effect, and Uncle Rob advised her mother just to leave her alone. 'He is such a good old fellow,' he said, 'she can't fail to like him in the end.'

Now Uncle Rob had forbidden the children to go far from the house, because he was afraid they might lose themselves. But Master Alec, who was quite sure he would do nothing of the kind, one day persuaded Alice to play at bear hunters with him; and in the excitement of the game they wandered away further than they knew, and it was only when Alice said she was tired and must rest awhile that it struck Alec he did not quite know where they were.

JACK AND ALICE SAT DOWN TOWRITE THE LETTER.'

'You sit here, Alie,' he said, 'and I'll go and see if I can find you some berries.'

But Alec was so long gone that Alice grew tired of waiting and went to look for him. Of course she did not find him, for the very good reason that each of them was walking in an opposite direction; they were both lost, only, it happened, by chance, that Alec took the way home, whilst Alice went deeper and deeper into the forest. Alec had never intended to leave his little sister alone; he had been *afraid to own he did not know* where they were, and had gone a short distance to look for the right path and had lost himself again.

After a time, as it began to grow darker, a new fear arose. She remembered Alec's stories about bears, and shuddered to think that they might come in the night and kill her. How she wished she had not disobeyed her Uncle Rob! Then she thought she would kneel down and ask God to take care of her; but just as she folded her hands she heard the bushes behind her crackle and rustle, as though some heavy creature were pushing its way through. She sprang to her feet in terror. But it was no bear that stood before her, only honest old Jake. With a cry of joy Alice sprang towards him, and as he caught her up in his arms she clung to him, crying with joy, and covering his wrinkled black face with kisses.

The old man soothed her gently, calling her his 'little white lily,' and his 'pretty birdie,' so that by the time they reached home she was fast asleep, wth her golden head nestling confidingly against the old negroe's woolly pate.

Poor Alec! How thankful he was to see his sister again, for he had blamed himself terribly for leading her into mischief. Mother could not thank the old man sufficiently for having found her little daughter, but she held his hand a long time in hers and stroked it softly, and I am quite sure he understood what her heart was too full to say.

From that day Alice lost all fear of a black face; she knew that as warm a heart may beat beneath a dusky skin as beneath a white one; and she knew, too, that had it not been for Jake she might have died in the forest, for Uncle Rob was away *from* home when Alec reached the house and tearfully owned that he had lost his sister. Jake had started off, there and then, and never rested till he found her.

'And to think I was ever afraid of you!' she said one day to Jake. 'I wish I could do something to show you how much I love you.'

'Do, you, missy?' he replied. 'Would you take a great deal of trouble for me?'

'Of course I would,' said Alice; and then Jake told her how much he wanted to know about his daughter, Chloe, who lived in New York, only he could not write. He told the child how dearly he loved his daughter, and how many years it was since he had seen her. Alice readily undertook to write a letter for the old man, although, through long illness, her own writing and spelling were sadly backward. When she repeated to her mother all Jake had said, Mrs. Graham told her that when Jake's letter was written, Alice might add a line or two from herself, which should be kept a secret from Jake, so that he might have a pleasant surprise one day.

So Jake and Alice sat down side by side to write the letter, and this is how it ran when it was finished:—

'Dear Chloe,—I am ritin' to u for Jake, who i luv verry mutch; he found me and i thort he was a bare, but he was not. Jake says he sends his luv and is well, and please

are you well to? Will you rite, and I will reed him the leters? I can't rite eny more becaws I rite so slow, and my ritin' takes up so much room. So with best luv from Jake and me, 'Your luvin' father.

'P.S. — Mother says we want sumone to help in the house and will u cum? Jake would be pleased, and we will all luv u.'

It was a queer little letter, but Alice and Jake, were very proud of it, and when it was posted the little girl could hardly wait for an answer. It came one day, however, and a very big answer it was; but Jake wept tears of joy when his dear daughter Chloe, a big buxom negress, put her arms round his neck and kissed him and called him 'dear old farder.'

'She's almost as nice as you, Jake,' said Alice, 'but not quite, because no one ever could be.' And then she, too, threw her arms round the old man's neck and kissed him.

And Jake says he is the happiest nigger that ever came out of 'ole Kentucky.'—'Children's Friend.'

A Loose Leaf From a Teacher's Diary.

('Sunday-school Chronicle.')

Saturday, March 17th, 18—.—I am angry—bitterly angry — with Agnes Wilson! To call herself my friend and then slander me as she has done! And to one whose good opinion is dearer to me than any one else's! I cannot forgive her! If there had been any ground for the accusations; if I had ever wronged her; if I was unkind or arrogant in my general conduct; there would be some excuse! But, with no provocation whatever, to deliberately tell such falsehoods — for it is nothing less — such falsehoods about me, to undermine my character, to wound me so deeply! How could she? I cannot forgive her! And I don't know that I want to either! I almost hope some day I shall have an opportunity of punishing her. It would only be just to make her suffer in return for the pain she has given me. And I should have cause, she has none; it could have been nothing but jealous spite on her part.

Sunday Afternoon, March 18th.— I wonder whatever possessed me to take a Sunday-school class! It is altogether too troublesome, and to-day I really feel too upset, and —and — well, I suppose I must be frank here, if anywhere — too angry, and bitter and revengeful to go. I don't know that I shall go, either. Much good I shall do them in this spirit! But Agnes Wilson is to blame for it all — not me. It was my turn to stay at home this morning, and I was going to send a note by mother to tell our superintendent not to expect me this afternoon. And then, of course, father must have a 'cold,' and generously insist on minding house in my stead; and equally of course, I could not tell the superintendent that I should not be at school, without giving him some reason, and that again was impossible — to give the real reason, I mean — and I would not give a false one. So I suppose I must go, though I hate the idea. But I should look silly if any of the teachers enquired the reason of my absence when next I met any of them. So I suppose I must make the best of it and go. That Agnes Wilson cannot have got any heart or conscience to say things she did about me! I should have studied the lesson well before this time if she had not angered me so, but now I have not looked at it, and I don't mean to.

I've two minds not to go, whatever any one may say. There's the little Turners, and Annie Croker, and the Garsdale girls, always come to meet me and hang on my arm, looking up into my face as if I were someone far above and beyond them — a being incapable of angry or revengeful thoughts. I shall feel like throwing them off this afternoon, I know.

And then there's that little Janet Martin — so excessively sensitive and impressible, even for a child — who sits and drinks in every word of the lesson so intently, and with such perfect faith, making me feel absolutely afraid of saying anything which might shock her naturally fine instincts of right and wrong, or dull her wonderful appreciation of spiritual things.

I remember, when only nine years old, what a shock I received, when, having screwed up courage to call on my Sunday-school teacher with the news that her previous Sabbath's lesson had led me to decide for Christ, I heard her, as I waited in another room, angrily rating the servant. I came away without telling her I was going to serve Christ, and by the next Sunday I was not sure about it myself. She only lost her temper for a few moments, and perhaps she had great provocation, but looking back now, I can trace three years of backsliding to that little incident.

Oh dear! I had better not go to school, after all. What a fearfully responsible position is that of Sunday-school teachers! It seems to me that they ought not to be ordinary mortals — or even mortals at all — who feel irritable and bitter and crushed in spirit. However, I know plenty of teachers who are foolish, or proud, or crabby, and whose scholars can see it. And I've no doubt some harbor unkind or selfish thoughts even while they teach, so I shall be no worse than many others.

2.20 p.m.—In about half an hour I suppose I shall find myself at the school. I've no idea what I shall say to my girls. 'Joseph's Last Words' is the lesson; as if I care about Joseph and his last words!

Oh dear! Oh dear! What would that little Janet think if she knew how I felt! Or the elder girls who seem to think that I am the embodiment of every womanly virtue. I would not have them see all these ravings for a great deal. And yet — God sees it all. What must he think—and feel too.

Well, I can't help my nature, and it's only natural to feel hurt when one has been injured.

Last Sunday's lesson was 'Joseph Forgiving His Brethren.' I shan't question my class on the last lesson to-day. It takes a good deal of time generally, and I know there are many excellent points — about preparing for death, the peaceful deaths of many Christians, and so on — in this afternoon's chapter, so I will not curtail it. I can hardly help wishing Joseph had not forgiven his wicked brothers so easily. I should like them to have been well 'paid out,' as the boys say, first. I wonder if he would have forgiven Agnes Wilson so soon. I daresay he would, for, after all, his brothers injured him far more than she has injured me. Still, I think it shows want of spirit to forgive so easily. And, yet, wasn't it my very self that remarked, when we took that subject at the teachers' preparation class, that this incident showed the noble spirit that Joseph possessed.

I think I really will give up Sunday-school teaching. It trammels me in so many ways. I remember only the week before last, I had vexed mamma over something, and I said to myself I would not give in, and ask her pardon for such a paltry thing. And then I was so miserable when I came to prepare the Sunday's lesson that I positively had to go and seek forgiveness before I could go on with it. And then my absurd feelings over that party! To think that, after accepting the invitation, I could not visit one of my scholars with a clear conscience because I knew I was going to a worldly party the next day! And, of course, for declining to go, though I did it as politely as possible, I have had the cold shoulder from the whole family of them since. I really need not be so awkwardly conscientious because I talk to eight or ten girls for about half-an-hour on Sunday afternoon.

I suppose I ought to forgive Agnes Wilson. But I don't want to. That would not only mean that I must not do her any injury if it should ever be in my power, but also that whenever opportunity occurs,, I must be willing to show her kindness. No; that is too much! And after she has said—

But I see it is nearly time to start, and I must hurry, for I've never been late but once in ten months. And I have written in my diary instead of rehearsing the points of the afternoon's subject! No prayer for class, teacher, and lesson, either! I have never yet been to my class without prayer, and there's no time now! I feel dreadfully wicked and wretched, but I shall get through the afternoon somehow, I expect. And I won't forgive Miss Wilson, not just yet.

4.45, Sunday afternoon.—How I thank God for my Sunday-school class! And how ashamed and grieved I am to think of the bitter, revengeful feelings I have cherished against Agnes Wilson, and even put those thoughts into writing! But it is all over now, I forgive her, for I have sinned — sinned deeply — and yet have been forgiven freely. And I will, I must, I do forgive even as God, for Christ's sake, has so oft forgiven me.

Give up my class! May God forbid! It is one of the most important means of grace to my soul. Many and many a time since I first undertook it, God has made it the means of drawing me back again to Himself when I have, (as alas! I do so often) wandered away from him. However much I have backslidden, whatever bad feelings I have been cherishing; however hard I have tried to resist his gentle voice, I find I must yield to him, must ask him for pardon and cleansing, must, in short, get right with God, in full sympathy with him, as it were, before I can meet my Sunday-school class. I am glad, very glad, that it is so; for otherwise, as I did once when not well enough to go out, I should continue to be, as I call it, 'spiritually sulky' and so drift further away.

To-day, as my diary witnesses, I would not yield to the strivings of conscience before I started. I had never been so stubborn before. I reached the school-room in a defiant mood, and being very nearly late, my girls failed to meet me and were just settled in their seats.

The mere sight of them softened me. At the touch of their hands — especially Janet's — I nearly broke down. And when we bowed our heads in prayer I just let it all go, the bitterness, and anger, and revenge, and God helped me to forgive Agnes Wilson right away. And I did question my scholars upon last week's subject, "Joseph Forgiving his Brethren," after all. In fact, I discovered so many new truths in the lesson as we went along, and the girls seemed all so interested in it, that the time was up before we had time to mention 'Joseph's Last Words,' But we had such a nice, helpful time together. I pray that I may long be spared to continue my Sunday-school teaching, for it is such a constant blessing to my soul that I count it among the greatest of my Christian privileges.

Oh! and this afternoon Annie Croker gave her heart to God!

I ought to say, I hadn't so very much to forgive Agnes Wilson, after all.

FRANCES BOYCE

An Unmanageable Boy.

'I could get on very well with the rest of the class, if it were not for Bert Rawson,' said Miss Laura Jenness, a teacher in a large Sunday-school in an eastern city, to Mr. Anson, superintendent of the school. Miss Jenness looked perplexed, and even distressed. She felt a humiliating and discouraging sense of defeat. The superintendent also looked troubled and perplexed. He knew all about the unmanagable Bert Rawson.

'Have you tried everything with the boy, Miss Jenness?' he asked.

'Yes, it seems to me that I have,' said Miss Jenness. 'Methods that have been successful with other boys fail when applied to Bert. There does not seem to be anything to appeal to in the boy.'

'And yet there must be something to appeal to in a boy of but thirteen or fourteen years. There is something to appeal to in every boy of that age. If we could only find out Bert's vulnerable point.'

'If we could!' said Miss Jenness. 'He is, with all his faults, a bright boy; and he is popular enough with the other boys in the class to be able to influence them, and when he is present I find it almost impossible to do anything with the lesson.'

'And yet there is something wonderfully likeable about the boy,' said Mr. Anson.

'So there is.'

This boy, this 'likable' but openly and defiantly mischievous boy, had been for about a year a member of the Sunday-school, and had been in Miss Jenness's class most of the time. He was a bright-eyed, restless, harum-scarum kind of a boy, with apparently no conception of his duty as a member of a Sunday-school class. He was flippantly irreverent in his manner; he neither knew nor cared to know anything about the lesson, and he admitted frankly that his chief object in coming to Sunday-school was to 'have some fun.'

'I'll try him a Sunday or two longer, and if I can't do anything with him, then I'll have to ask you to put him into another class or make some other arrangement regarding him,' said Miss Jenness, at the close of her conversation with Mr. Anson.

The next Sunday Bert came to school in his usual mood. He was flippant to the last degree. He had attended a very exciting game of baseball the day before, and his whole conversation was of this game. He gained the attention of the other boys in the class and took their minds from the lesson until Miss Jenness was in despair.

Bert talked of the game all through the opening exercises of the school, and was about to begin on it again at the close of the opening prayer, when Miss Jenness laid her hand lightly upon his shoulder, and said, quietly, but firmly:

'Bert.'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'I'd really like to know just how that game came out, but this is not the time nor the place for me to hear about it. Won't you come around to my house to-morrow evening with the other boys of the class, and tell us all about this great game? We'd like to hear about it; wouldn't we, boys?'

'Yes, ma'am,' said two or three of the boys.

'Then Bert shall come and tell us all about it, and we'll have a pleasant time together before I commence work with my new class next Sunday.'

'Your new class?' said Charlie Ray, while all the other boys looked at Miss Jenness in surprise.

'Yes,' she said, 'this will probably be my last Sunday with you. I have asked Mr. Anson to give me a new class next Sunday.

'Why, Miss Jenness, what for?' asked Bob Hooper, in a tone of surprise.

Interest in the ball game ceased, and even Bert sobered down; while Theo. Rayford said decidedly:

'We don't want any other teacher.'

'Perhaps you don't, Theo, but there are others in the class who have given me clearly and distinctly to understand by their conduct that I am a failure as a teacher of this class; so it is evidently my duty to give place to someone who will be a success.'

'Who says you're a failure?' asked Howard Burton, angrily.

'I must be a failure if I am unable to command the respect and attention of the boys in my class. I must be a failure when my boys turn a deaf ear to my attempts to teach them God's Word, and give eager ear to an account of a ball game. I must be a failure when I am unable to make any impression whatever on a scholar who comes every Sunday, and who is far from lacking in understanding. I must be a failure when that boy's influence in the class is greater than my own, and he refuses to use his influence for good. Yes, boys, I must give up this class, because I am a failure as its teacher.'

'I don't see how you can be a failure when we like you better than any teacher we ever had,' said Joel Reed.

'I don't see how I can regard myself as a success while there is a single scholar in my class upon whom I fail to make an impression.'

Miss Jenness looked at Bert as she spoke. He cast down his eyes. The other boys looked at him with disfavor in their faces.

'I have made up my mind to give up the class if I cannot be given the attention a teacher should command. Other classes will be courteous to me, and perhaps Mr. Anson can find a teacher for you whom you will respect more than you have respected me. I bear you no ill-will, and I want every boy in the class to come to my house for a merry social time together before we separate. Then we'll hear the rest of your ball game story, Bert.'

'We don't want to hear any more about it,' said Joel Reed.

'No, we don't,' said Harry Payne. 'It's Bert's fault that you're going to leave the class, isn't it?'

Before Miss Jenness could reply Bert said:

'Yes, it is, and if you'll stay with the class, Miss Jenness, I'll leave.'

'I would rather leave the class myself than have you leave the Sunday-school,' said Miss Jenness.

'Couldn't it be arranged so that neither of us would have to leave the class?' asked Bert.

'Easily,' replied Miss Jenness.

'Then let's fix it that way,' said Bert; and that is the way it was 'fixed.'

Miss Jenness took Bert home with her after Sunday-school, and they agreed upon what they laughingly called 'a treaty of peace.' When Bert and the other boys came to Miss Jenness's house on Monday evening, she announced that she and Bert would both remain in the class, and that they had come to an 'understanding' with each other.

'And you are all to come here every Monday evening,' added Miss Jenness, 'and we'll have a regular class organization, and elect Bert secretary. On Monday evenings we'll discuss baseball and anything else in which you are interested, and devote our hour together on Sunday entirely to the lesson. Are you agreed upon that? If you are say 'aye.'

Every boy said 'aye,' heartily, and when Miss Jenness met Mr. Anson on the street a day or two later she said:

'I have decided to keep my class, Mr. Anson, and I think that you can leave Bert Rawson to me. I have had some "new light" regarding him, and I shall be surprised if we do not get along very well together.

They did get along very well together after that. It took some time for Bert to give himself up fully to a study of the lesson, but whenever he showed a disposition to bring other topics into the class hour, Miss Jenness would say.

'To-morrow evening is our time for all that, Bert. Let us give this one hour wholly to God.'—J. L. Harbour, in 'Baptist Teacher.'

Praying in a Cold Garret.

'What's the matter, Philip?' Can't you sleep, either?'

'No. What keeps you awake?'

'I hardly know; yes, I do, too. That sermon to-night started me thinking, and I cannot stop.'

'That's what's troubling me. I might as well own up; I believe I'm the worst sinner in the world.'

'No worse than I am. Unless I change soon, I must be lost. What shall we do?'

'The preacher said we must pray.'

'But we pray every night; we did before coming to bed to-night.'

'Yet, that's not enough. We must pray as sinners needing a Saviour. Ever since he said that I have wanted to talk to some one, but did not dare on the way home, or to the folks, or yet you. I want some one to pray with and for me. Shall we get up now and pray?'

'What, here, now, in this cold garret? We would freeze. Better wait till morning. Let us wait until then. We can go out to the barn, and nobody will hear or think anything about it if they see us together. If they hear they will suppose we are talking.'

The two, Philip and Theodore, in their teens, were brothers, and fairly good boys, though not Christians. They had attended what was called at that time — more than fifty years ago — 'a protracted meeting,' in the little Presbyterian church on the bank of the Hudson river, and had been aroused to see themselves sinners, and now were troubled because of sinfulness.

After deciding to wait until morning the boys fell asleep. The next morning they said nothing of praying, and hurried into their clothing, and out of the cold garret, where their bed was, to the warm room below. Nor did they go to the barn, nor even speak of praying there before school time. Other thoughts filled their minds until they took their tallow candle and went again to bed in the cold garret. The chilly air set their teeth chattering, and they hurried out of their clothing into bed, and covered themselves with baskets. For a few minutes they lay in silence; then Theodore said:

'Philip, are you asleep?'

'No.'

'We forgot to pray together to-day.'

'That's so; but we meant to.'

'Yes; and put it off, as the preacher said last night, we would be likely to do. He warned us not to put it off. Shall we start to-night?'

'It's so cold. We'll freeze. Yet I want to. Can't we wait until morning and not put off?'

'If sure that we would not forget or neglect; but I don't want to risk it. The sermon to-night did not stir me so; yet I want to start to-night. I say, let's get up and pray right here and now.'

'How shall we keep from freezing?'

'We can wrap blankets around us. I mean to get up, for I can't take the risk of another night. A single night may settle the fate of my soul.'

'If you mean to, I will.'

Wrapping themselves with blankets, the lads kneeled down by the bed and began to

pray. Though the great garret was as cold as a barn, they soon forgot everything but the purpose that brought them to their knees.

First one, then the other prayed; and then the first began anew. They were in earnest, and determined to tell the Lord all about themselves, even if they did not gain relief; and their simple, fervent prayers told the story of two sad and burdened hearts waiting for pardon and peace at the mercy-seat.

When they had told the story, and each had determined to leave all with Jesus, one said to the other: 'I believe he will hear and pardon. He says he will. I think I can trust him.'

'So can I. We have come to him for rest, and mean to stay here. Yet it seems to me that, since we have done it, we may get into bed and leave the rest with Jesus.'

A few minutes later two trusting lads went to sleep in the old bed in the garret, for they had left all with Jesus, and trusted him.

The next morning they did not forget the night before, the prayer, nor the trust in the Saviour. Though the weather was very cold, they were in no hurry to go down stairs. They kneeled together to pray first, and each told the Lord of a strange and sweet peace filling the heart. Jesus had kept his word.

Years after Theodore became principal of one of the largest and best schools for boys in America. Every year after until he was called home to heaven, from twenty to sixty boys, through his teaching and prayer, and by God's grace, found Christ in that school. Philip still lives, an elder in a Presbyterian church; and, though becoming an old man, is president of an active, flourishing Christian Endeavor Society, and an earnest, successful worker for the souls of others, as he has been, since, more than fifty years ago, he prayed in that cold garret, and gave himself to Jesus.

SYDNEY CLARE.

—'Zion's Herald.'

Annie's Revival.

By 'Edelweiss.'

Annie Baker was tossing around on her bed in a very uncomfortable way. Somehow she could not get to sleep. Over and over her pastor's reproof to the young people who were disturbing the meeting with their whispering and giggling that evening repeated itself in her memory. She felt as though he meant her in particular. She thought she was very angry, and all the way home her tongue had been quickest and sharpest in the discussion the girls had kept up. But somehow when she came in she didn't quite feel like speaking of it, and had hurried off to bed.

Now her thoughts persisted in going back to the time two years before, when she had accepted the Saviour and joined the church. She knew she didn't feel just the same about the meetings this winter as she did then, though she hadn't thought about it until to-night. She had voted for the special meetings, and had attended them all, and had brought some of the girls with her every time. She was sure she had done better than many of the others, and she kept telling herself that she wouldn't go near another meeting.

The pastor had spoken of them always taking a back seat. She thought he had no business to judge her motive in choosing her seat. She didn't choose it, anyway; the other girls did. But just when she thought the matter decided, and settled herself to sleep, the old words of consecration that she had spoken so many times came to her so clearly that she caught her breath. Such an odd crowd of angry and sorry thoughts as marched and danced around and around in her brain, and never settled into any order at all.

At last she said she wouldn't be so crazy any longer, so she slipped out of bed and knelt down and prayed a very orderly prayer. She did control her thoughts for that, and when she crept back into bed again she felt quieter. Still she didn't get to sleep, but now her thoughts were slower and clearer. In her prayer she had owned that she hadn't done just as well as she might, and had promised to do better. So she was thinking soberly of how she could do better, when all of a sudden she pushed her face down into her pillow and whispered, 'Oh, I am all wrong, and I can't do any better unless God makes me want to do better.'

And this little cry brought an answer, and now there was peace. It was a very happy, 'I thank thee, my Father,' that came to her lips after that.

After this she could sleep. In the morning she began to dread meeting the girls, and kept trying to think what she could say when they began to talk it all over again. But she didn't feel very wise, and when the time came she gave it up and didn't say anything. She knew the girls thought she acted queerly, and was tempted to say something bright about it in an easy way, as if she didn't care any more about it. She was sure she could do it, and then make the girls talk about something else; but she knew that would be dishonoring her Saviour. So she kept quiet and was glad, because she knew he was watching her, and was sure that he was pleased.

After school she hurried home, but Belle Harris and Lillie Nichols called after her, 'Nan, wait a minute.' She waited, dreading Belle's way of asking plain questions. But for some reason Belle seemed to feel an unwonted respect for other people's feelings, and only grumbled, 'Seems to me we are getting considerably high and mighty all of a sudden.'

Nothing was said of the meeting until they reached Annie's gate, when Lillie asked, 'shall we go to meeting to-night?'

'To be sure,' answered Belle, 'I guess we don't have to stay away from church on any man's account, minister or no minister.'

'Can't you come in, girls?' asked Annie.

'Oh, no,' said Belle laughingly. 'We never come in, but we always stop at the gate from force of habit. I'll have to go home if I go to meeting to-night. We'll stop for you, Nan.'

'All right,' said Annie, and ran into the house.

When Annie saw how carefully Belle had dressed herself that evening, she felt discouraged, for she was sure her temper was up, and that she didn't mean to listen to anyone's opinion on any subject.

Belle kept them laughing all the way to the church with her nonsense. But Annie sobered when she entered the church. Her father was already there. When Annie saw him her resolution was taken instantly.

With a 'Come on, girls,' she started down the aisle. Belle tried to stop her. But she really didn't hear her, and led them right on into the pew where her father sat.

It was a strange meeting to the girls. Annie was too anxious about it all to sing or even to listen to the sermon, and she sat very quiet, and asked over and over for her Saviour's help. She felt like a timid child clinging close to its father's hand. Lillie sat between Annie and Belle, and watched first one and then the other. She wondered what possessed Annie, and she thoroughly enjoyed the anger she saw in Belle's steady eyes.

Belle was angry at first, as the girls knew but they didn't guess how wide awake she was to every word of the service. Somehow she seemed to understand it all as she had never done before. She didn't even wonder as Lillie did, why Annie had done so. She felt the power that had moved her, and as she sung with Mr. Baker she even felt as though she understood a little of what the old hymn meant to him.

When the invitation was given for those who wished the prayers of God's people to rise, a new purpose grew strong in her heart, and she rose. The pastor called on Mr. Baker to lead in prayer, and during that prayer Belle found peace.

Lillie was too surprised to fidget any more, and in Annie's heart the 'I thank thee,' sang itself over and over. The girls didn't talk much that night, but before the week was out Lillie had sought her Saviour, and on the evening that she told of her faith in him, Belle reached over and clasped Annie's hand as she whispered, 'Oh, I'm glad, glad, glad!' And Annie knew what she meant, and thought that she herself had most reason to be glad.—'Y. P. Weekly.'

The Marked-Down Suit.

(By Mattie W. Baker.)

'See here, Frank. Look at this suit marked down to ten dollars! Just hung it in the window to-day. It won't hang there long at that price!'

Frank Wright stopped to look at the suit of clothes to which his friend, a clerk in the clothing store, thus called his attention. It was really a great bargain. He had no time then to try it on, being on his way back from dinner to the grocery where he worked, but the number was his size, and he had as little doubt that the suit would fit him, as that he was unable to buy it.

He was a poor widow's son, trying hard to get an education. By working for his board he had been one term at the academy in this place, and just at the end had an opportunity to work in Mr. Bates's grocery during vacation. He willingly gave up the anticipated pleasure of being at home again for the sake of earning a little money.

He really needed a new suit of clothes in order to look respectable, and this was a good chance to buy one, if he only had the money! But all he could earn in vacation he knew would not meet the necessary expenses of the coming fall and winter, and his mother was so poor that he well knew every penny counted with her.

She was a Christian woman, and his early training had been such that he took every perplexity to God in prayer. Though busy about his work that afternoon, his heart was as busy framing petitions for guidance.

That evening, after the grocery was shut, he went into the store and tried on the suit.

'Fits you as if you had been melted and poured into it,' his friend declared enthusiastically. 'Better speak for it this minute.'

'I wish I could,' sighed Frank, 'but I can't: not now.'

'You'll have to take full charge this afternoon, Frank,' Mr. Bates said the next day. 'I'm going away on the noon train, to be back to-night.'

Frank locked the grocery and went to dinner, looking each time as he passed the store window, and somehow feeling glad that the suit still hung there.

'Lord, if it is best for me to buy it, show me the way,' was his inaudible prayer.

As he neared the grocery a little mouse ran across the sidewalk directly in front of him. Mechanically following it with his eyes, he saw it disappear under the plank walk, and then the end of a little roll of something almost hidden in a snug crevice attracted his attention. He stooped and

drew it out, and found snugly rolled up, a ten-dollar bill! It seemed for an instant an answer to his prayers; then came the thought, 'Whose is it? How came it there?'

It might have been hidden there purposely for some reason, or the wind might have blown into the place. It might have lain there for days, or even weeks, as it was sheltered from wind and storm. Some of the summer boarders, the last of whom had only lately left the place, might have dropped it and never missed it — rich people, to whom it would be no more than a dime would be to him. If it had lain there long and any of the townspeople dropped it, it would surely have been inquired for. He felt that great care would have to be exercised to find the rightful owner; but his employer was away, he could not consult him, and he was himself too busy that day to take any steps in the matter.

Then a terrible temptation beset him: he might keep the money, say nothing about it, buy that suit of clothes he so much needed, and no one ever be the wiser. He had prayed to be guided in the matter, and Providence had put the money into his hands. Should he take that as an indication that he might use it in the way he needed to?

No one could have guessed, as he weighed out sugar, counted out eggs, measured out molasses that afternoon, all in so careful and business-like fashion, that a great struggle was going on within the young man's soul. But the right triumphed. An enlightened conscience and the sturdy common sense which was his birthright finally settled the matter for him. 'Were I the loser of the money what should I wish the finder to do by me?' he asked himself, and found, as one always will, that the Golden Rule was a safe guide. 'I will find the owner, if possible,' he decided.

Mr. Bates came home on the five o'clock train. He came into the grocery just as Frank was grinding coffee for a customer; and before the coffee was put up and Frank free to speak with him, an old lady in rusty black came in hurriedly, evidently in much agitation. Her bonnet was awry, her dress dusty, and every line of her wrinkled old face told of anxiety and weariness.

'Oh, Mr. Bates,' she faltered out, sinking into a chair, 'I've lost some money, all I had in the world, and I don't know what to do!'

'Been robbed?' he asked.

'Oh, no! lost it out of my pocket! You see, I drew my pension this morning and I went round and paid some debts, and I had just an even ten-dollar bill left. I was so afraid I'd lose it that I rolled it up tight and pinned it into a corner of my pocket, and when I got home the pin was out and the money gone!'

'How could it happen?'

'Well, I suppose the pin must have worked out, and then I might have flirted the money out with my handkerchief. I took my backtracks straightway, looking all along in hopes to find it, but I havn't.'

'Four — six miles you have walked today,' and then Frank being at liberty, came along.'

'Did you go over the plank walk between here and the hotel after you put the money in your pocket?' he asked.

'Did I? Let me see. Yes, I did; for I went into Mrs. Simonds's, asking her about the washing, and then I came right by here and went to the hotel to see if they didn't want some real fresh eggs. Sarah Ann has a nice lot of them on hand. Then I started for home.'

'Then probably here is your money,' said Frank, putting the bill in her hand.

'Oh, the Lord bless you!' cried the delighted old lady, and bursting into happy tears she sobbed like a child.

No suit of clothes could have made Frank Wright so happy as he felt at that moment. He had met and conquered a powerful temptation. A prosperous man now, he looks back and thanks God for the strength that enabled him to do it.—'American Messenger.'

Minnie.

(A Story of the Liverpool Medical Mission.)

One dreary winter day among the patients waiting to see the doctor in the Liverpool Medical Mission Dispensary, one of the workers, Mr. Eldredge, noticed a girl of about twelve years of age, and, as he was always on the lookout for new scholars, he went over to her to see if he could not get her to come to the Sunday-school.

On speaking to her mother, who was with her, she told him that Minnie had been ailing for a long time, but that now she had got so much worse she was afraid she was going into consumption. After talking with Minnie for a little, he won from her a promise to try to come to school, and it was with very great pleasure he welcomed her on the following Sunday to his class of girls.

She was a quiet, thoughtful girl, and sat earnestly listening as he told the story of Jesus, and of his power to save. One Sunday he had gone to the cupboard to get the bibles, when, on coming back, he saw that Minnie, had come into the school, and was surrounded by all the girls in the class, who were eagerly listening to something she was telling them. As he came up he heard her say —

'I know Jesus has saved me.'

On asking what they were talking about she repeated what she had been telling the girls: that Jesus had saved her, and she knew that her sins were forgiven; and, turning to the girls, she said—

'Won't you come and trust Jesus, too?'

During the week she had given her heart to Jesus, and now, with her new-found grace, she was trying to lead others to his loving care.

Dr. Bond had taken a great interest in her case, and under his skilful treatment, we were glad to see her getting so very much better that we began to hope, by God's grace, she would soon be restored to health and strength again.

One cold foggy Sunday, Minnie was missing from her usual place in the class; but, as the weather was very bad, little notice was taken of her absence. When, on the following Sunday, she was still away, Mr. Eldredge resolved to go to see her the next day; and, before he went, her mother came to the mission to say that Minnie was very ill and wished much to see him. On going to the house he found her lying on a sofa, propped up with pillows. Her face lighted up with pleasure as he entered, and, holding out her thin hand, she said:—

'I'm so glad you've come.'

In the last few days the disease had made such a great change in her that he stood for a minute quite shocked to see the poor little wasted figure lying there; and, hardly knowing what to say, he asked —

'Are you not tired of lying there?'

'No,' she said; 'I am very happy.'

'And suppose God should have sent this sickness to take you home, would you be frightened?'

'Oh, no! He has redeemed me! I am just waiting for him.'

She spoke so eagerly of heaven that he began to talk about the glory of being there —of the streets of gold and gates of pearl, and of the angels, when she stopped him by saying.

'When I get up yonder I'll pass all the angels and go right up to himself' (Jesus). The dear child had learned even a deeper lesson than her teacher. To her the joy of heaven was not its wondrous glory, but the presence of her loving Saviour.

When leaving he promised to come again very soon, and, on saying good-bye, she added:—

'If I don't see you again till he comes to fetch me, I'll meet you up yonder in heaven.'

On the day he had promised to call again, Mr. Eldredge was delayed by business longer than he expected. Minnie had been very weak all the morning, but much brighter when it came near the time she expected him to come.

'Mother,' she said, 'will you go to the door to see whether Mr. Eldredge is coming?'

Her mother went to the door two or three times, and as the time passed she said:—

'Mother, ask Mr. Eldredge to tell the children that those who seek Jesus early shall find him. But I have so much to tell him if he were only here.'

And then, putting her arms round her mother's neck, she kissed her; and laying her little weary head on the pillow, she whispered: 'Only a Step to Jesus,' and fell quietly asleep in his loving arms.

During the last few days of her illness she had been busy knitting a warm woollen petticoat. Only her mother was in the secret, and after we had laid the little one to sleep in the quiet grave, she brought it to Dr. Bond. It was her little girl's gift to the mission, to be given to some poor girl. In the midst of all her pain and sickness she remembered how cold and wretched some of the children were who came to the Sunday-school, and this was her offering to help them. Not much, yet I think as our loving Saviour looked down on the gift, that he said, as of one of old; —

'She hath done what she could.'—'Medical Missions.'

Worth While.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by with a song;
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray;
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.
But its only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire;
And the life that is worth the honor earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-day;
They make up the item of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,—
It is these that are worth the homage of earth:
For we find them but once in awhile.'

—'Everybody's Magazine.'

A London paper tells of a custom in an English town of giving away fifteen pounds in half crown pieces to the poor on a certain day each year. This would furnish one hundred and twenty persons with gifts of about sixty cents each. The next day after the giving, last month, eighty-eight of these one hundred and twenty pieces were found to have gone to the public houses. That is where the gifts and wages of too many of the poor go. And this fact makes them poor.

LITTLE FOLKS

A Sabbath-School Examination.

It was on a Saturday forenoon one day last winter, and the little girls and boys of the church had been preparing for weeks beforehand for the annual exam. For some nice books were always given as prizes, so everyone wished to do his or her best on the occasion. One or two teachers were in the hall to see that the little ones sat at proper distances from each other and did not talk or copy. But they had not much trouble, as the children were very well behaved and very obedient to orders.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

The subject for the exam. was the life of Samuel; so the small hands moved very quickly over the paper, telling all they knew of the boy in the temple, who was so good to old Eli and so mindful of all his duties. When the time for collecting all the papers came round, one little girl was found sitting before a nearly empty sheet, with only one unfinished sentence written in clumsily-formed letters and one or two wrongly-spelt words: 'Samuel was a very good boy. I don't like to rise at night, for I am frightened for the dark. But if I hear God speaking I will try—' That was all the little girl wrote; for she had forgotten where she was, and was day-dreaming about the grand old temple and the kind old priest.

So her teacher told her it was time to go away; and when all the other children were telling how much they had written, poor Mary thought with shame of her empty sheet, and the tears came into her eyes.

That same night in Mary's cottage there was a voice heard in the middle of the night calling 'Robert! Robert!'

Robert was Mary's big brother; a very clever boy, always dux in his class, and praised by his teachers. But for all that he was not a very obliging boy at home, as you shall hear. He too had been at the Sabbath-school exam., and had written a beautiful set of answers to the questions on the life of Samuel. The voice called again, 'Robert! Robert!' but there was no answer, though Robert's room was next to his mother's.

By and by a trembling little white-robed figure crept quietly to mother's door, and said:

'What is wrong, mother? Can I help you?'

Mother opened the door and took in the child, telling her that baby had taken suddenly ill and she wished Robert to rise and run for the doctor, whose house was just across the village street.

Mary shut the bed-room door gently, and dressed herself in a few minutes; for the thought came into her head that Samuel would have done the same. She heard by Robert's breathing that he was in a deep sleep, so she did not disturb him. She could scarcely turn the big key in the outside door, but she put all her strength into her little hands and managed it. Then she flew across the dark street like a frightened bird, and knocked with all her might at the doctor's door till the housekeeper came and took her message to the kind man, who did not waste much time in going back with her.

So the baby's croup was-cured, and mother was happy; and Mary's face was bright with pleasure at being able to help in the good work of the world.

'Did you not hear me calling last night, Robert?' said his mother; and the boy's answer was: 'I thought I heard a voice, but I was not sure; so I just turned over and went to sleep again.'

When the prizes were given for the exam. a few weeks after, Robert got the first, as his answers were the best.

And little Mary got nothing. But her teacher told her to try again next year; and said she was her most attentive scholar, and would

by and by be able to do as well as her brother.

Now, don't you think Mary knew far more about Samuel's spirit than her brother did?—'Adviser.'

Only a Minute.

'You've been rather a long time gone, Mary, dear!' grandmother said gently.

'Have you wanted anything, grannie?' asked Mary, smilingly, bringing forward from behind her a bunch of early spring flowers; 'because I thought you would like these ever so much.'

'So I do, Mary,' her grandmother answered slowly. 'Where did you get them?'

'Up in Farmer Haycroft's fields,' said Mary triumphantly, trying to keep up the smile on her own face, and not to notice that her grandmother's was unusually grave.

The old lady put down her scissors, and laid the flowers on the table by her side without even glancing at them.

'I said, "Go straight to the shop and come home as quickly as you can, Mary," and I cannot enjoy your sweet flowers because you have not been obedient.'

'I came as quickly as I could,' said Mary, a little sullenly. 'You're so particular, grannie!'

The old lady sighed; then brightening, she drew the little girl to her, and fondly stroked her hair.

'We've got to learn; we've got to learn!' she murmured; and some of us have learned in the school of sorrow. I was only afraid that this fault of yours, dearie, would grow bigger if you gave it room!'

Mary tried not to shrink away from the touch of the thin hand. She wished she could clear up and be a good girl.

Perhaps her grannie guessed that, for she went on softly,—

'I knew a little girl, a great many years ago, who was told in a great hurry to deliver a letter at a certain house at the top of the village.

'It was a large farm-house, at which her mother occasionally worked in busy times.

'As she went up the steep street, she met a girl who was in service a short way off, and who had plenty to tell her about her place.

'They stood talking for, perhaps, twenty minutes, and then the little girl thought of her mother's note. Hastily wishing good-bye, she dashed to the farm and gave it in.

'"Stay a minute," said the mistress, opening the letter. "Why, my dear, the doctor's been gone this quarter of an hour. Your mother said she'd surely send by ten o'clock if she wanted him. She knew he was to call here. He's gone I don't know where, and won't be back till night!"

'But before night that little girl was motherless, Mary. And, oh! the sorrowful years that followed that one little bit of self-pleasing!'—'Our Darlings.'

Ernest.

Do you know Hawthorne's story of 'The Great Stone Face?'

A little boy lived among the granite hills. High on the mountain-side was a face of solid rock.

Ernest (that was the boy's name) lived where he could see it morning and evening, and he loved its beauty. The story ran that one day in that valley would grow a man whose face would be like the great stone face. As Ernest grew older he watched for this noble boy. Looking for good in others, instead of faults, Ernest's own life grew fair, and his face strong and sweet.

One day, a man who had grown rich, came back to his home in the village. People said he was generous and would do much for his friends. Ernest hoped now to see the great stone face. But his heart sank. The great man's face was marred by selfish money-getting.

By and by, another boy friend, grown a man, came home. Flags and music welcomed him, for he had served his country. Ernest's heart bounded. Surely his would be the noble face. But love of glory spoiled it.

Ernest was growing old. He feared he would never see the man whose face was like the great stone face.

At last, a poet came. He, too, had been Ernest's boy friend, and had been away. Ernest longed for him, for he had sung beautiful songs, and his face should be noble. But the poet's face was not high, for he had not lived as he sung.

The poet cried, as he saw Ernest, 'Thine, Ernest, is the great stone face!'

It was true. Though Ernest had not known, all the while, by watching beauty, in the stone face and in others, his face and life had grown beautiful.

Do you know we can grow like Christ by looking at him? His beauty is greater than Solomon's. So may yours be, and mine.—'The Sunbeam.'

How to Read the Bible.

Martin Luther used to teach his children to read the bible in the following way: First, to read through one book carefully, then to study chapter by chapter, then verse by verse, and lastly word by word; for he said: 'It is like a person shaking a fruit tree—first shaking the tree and gathering up the fruit which falls to the ground, and then shaking each branch, and afterwards each twig of the branch, and last of all looking carefully under each leaf to see that no fruit remains. In this way, and in no other, shall we also find 'the hidden treasures' that are in the bible.—'Forward.'

A Little Boy and the Stars.

You little twinkling stars that shine
Above my head so high,
If I had but a pair of wings,
I'd join you in the sky.

I am not happy, lying here,
With neither book nor toy,
For I was sent to bed because
I've been a naughty boy.

If I were with you, little stars,
How merrily we'd roll
Across the skies and through the clouds,
And round about the pole.

O tell me, little stars, for much
I wonder why you go
The whole night long from east to west,
So patiently and slow?

We have a Father, little child,
Who guides us on our way;
We never question—when He speaks,
We listen and obey.'
—'Rays of Light.'

Little Hands.

O little hands, dear little hands,
Are you ready for work to-day?
Are you ready, too, kind deeds to do,
And be gentle in your play?

O little hands, dear little hands,
You have been so busy to-day,
Now gently rest; you have done your best;
Rest from your work, and play.
—Florence E. Brown in 'Adviser.'

Tobacco Catechism.

TOBACCO CAUSES INTEMPERANCE.

Q.—What is tobacco?

A.—A poisonous plant.

Q.—Why do you call it poisonous?

A.—Because if a person takes a little, it makes him sick.

Q.—In what way?

A.—He turns pale, trembles, becomes dizzy, vomits, retches and sometimes swoons away.

Q.—What is the cause of all this commotion?

A.—The system, recognizing tobacco as a poison, makes violent efforts to get rid of it.

Q.—Does it always succeed?

A.—Not always; if enough tobacco is taken, it causes death.

Q.—How much is enough, one mouthful?

A.—Much less than that often proves fatal.

Q.—But we see men take large mouthfuls every day without appearing sick.

A.—That is because they have become accustomed to it.

Our Trouble With the Poultry.

('Temperance Record.')

I have lived with Uncle John and Aunt Mary ever since I was a very little girl, and even now I am only ten years of age. My name is Georgie Selwyn, and my dear papa was uncle's brother. Uncle John says I am his fac-total—though I don't quite know what that means. He often comes to me when in any difficulty, and I always give him the best advice I can.

We live quite in the country, and I have to walk more than a mile to school. There is a brook at the bottom of our garden, and I like to sit on the bank, watching the shining waters as they ripple over the stones, laughing and singing; it is one of those brooks that 'runs on for ever.'

We keep a poultry farm, and the fowls have a nice meadow to roam about in, and the ducks can swim up and down the brook to their heart's content. Our fowls are 'kept for profit,' although Auntie laughs sometimes and wants to know where the profit comes in, but I am sure it must be all right, for Uncle John keeps a profit and loss account, and balances up on the last day of every month. When the balance is on the right side he is the sweetest and most delightful of uncles, but when on the wrong side he is simply horrid, storming away at everybody. When we see any probability of an adverse balance, auntie says to me, after dinner, 'Suppose we walk into town, Georgie, and make a few calls.' And then she says to uncle, 'I do not expect we will be back to tea, John, but you won't mind, as you will be busy with your poultry account. Sally will get your tea.' So we leave the poor girl to bear the brunt of the storm, for old Joseph, the servant man, is never to be found on these occasions. We have a strong suspicion that whenever the old man saw any clouds gathering he went to bed. By the time we returned in the evening the storm had usually exhausted itself, and as we generally brought home some sausages for supper uncle would soon be himself again.

With just a few little drawbacks, our life was peaceful and the poultry prospered, until a large distillery was erected only a few hundred yards above our farm, and then the trouble began. I think they made gin there, but what they made it from it is impossible to say, for a high wall was built up round the works; I suppose, to prevent people from seeing what was done inside.

I was very fond of the fowls, but should have liked them better if they had not been so ill-natured to my pussy. They would run after and peck her most shamefully, until the poor thing had no rest from them.

We had names given to the chief members of the yard. There was King Tom, a most beautiful Cochin China cock; Prince Charley, a very handsome speckled one; Queen Elizabeth, Princess Mary, Lady Somerset, and others too numerous to mention.

I was one day picking peas in the garden when I heard uncle calling at the top of his voice—

'Georgie! Georgie!'

'Do you want me?' I answered, and opening the garden gate, ran across the paddock to the fowl yard, where he was doing something with old Joseph.

'Have you seen King Tom this morning?'

'No, uncle, I have not. Perhaps he is gone out for a walk with some of the ladies.'

'Come with me, Georgie, and we'll see what has become of them. Come along Joseph.' And we all three went into the adjoining meadow, where the fowls were accustomed to run about. We walked around the field until we came to a dry ditch, where squat down in the middle, in the queerest manner, were King Tom and Queen Elizabeth, and a little further on three or four other hens.

'What can have come to the fowls?' said Uncle John, quite puzzled by what he saw, 'Bring them up, Joseph, and let us examine them more closely.'

Joseph got into the ditch and brought their majesties out, seating them side by side on the grass just before uncle.

'I never seed any fowls like they afore, indeed I never did,' and the old man's features puckered up with amused smiles.

They looked so dreadfully absurd that we could neither of us help laughing. King Tom poked up his long neck, looked sideways up at Uncle John, and then attempted to crow, and more discordant sounds I never heard proceed from the throat of any fowl, even in its earliest efforts at crowing. The Queen then began to cackle, looking up in uncle's face, and addressing to him some very forcible remarks.

'What be 'ee makin' that noise for, yer girt oaf?' said Joseph. 'Yer aint been an' laid no egg as I can see.'

'Put them on their feet, Joseph,' said uncle, 'and let us see if they will walk.'

Joseph put King Tom on his legs first, giving him a gentle touch behind as a hint to go forwards; he then did the same with Queen Elizabeth. His majesty staggered along for a few yards, and in making another attempt to crow rolled over. Her majesty followed, making cackling sounds all the way, and eventually tumbled over on top of the king. They crowed and cackled to one another in a maudlin style for a while, and then dropped off to sleep. The whole thing wore such a comical aspect that we laughed till the tears ran down our cheeks.

'Whatever can be the matter with the fowls?' said Uncle John. 'Have you any idea, Joseph?'

'Well, by your leave, maister,' said the old man, looking most profoundly wise, 'I should say that both them'en fowls be drunk.'

'Nonsense, Joseph,' exclaimed Uncle John, laughing at the idea. 'You've never seen fowls drunk, have you?'

'I can't say as I have, sir, but I have bin drunk many a time myself, more's the shame, an' I knows what 'tis. Depend on it, maister, as them fowls be drunk.'

'But where could they get the drink?' asked Uncle John. 'We are all teetotalers, and never keep any about the place; unless you have broken away, Joseph, which I sincerely hope is not the case.'

'Not likely, maister; an' when I looks at them'en fowels it vexes me to think what a fool I must have made 'o myself. They be drunk, sure enuff; you just smell their breaths, sir.'

Uncle John stooped down and put his nose near King Tom's beak, but his majesty, waking up just at the moment, gave a savage peck. Uncle sprang back, rubbing his nose:

'The disgraceful old reprobate! He smells all gin!'

'I knowed they was drunk,' said Joseph.

'But where do they obtain the drink?'

'That's just how 'tis, maister,' said Joseph. 'We picks up the drunks in th' road or gets 'em out o' th' ditch, but nobody can even find out what pub. they've bin to.'

'Well, this must be seen into,' said uncle, severely. 'You can take these two, then come back for the others, and pen them up until they are sober.'

Joseph then took their majesties into custody, and walked off with them, one under each arm, they making stupid noises all the while. We couldn't help laughing.

'What is to be done, Georgie?' said uncle. 'If we don't put a stop to these proceedings the whole establishment will be utterly demoralized.'

'Perhaps they will be better in two or three hours, after the effects of the gin have passed off, and this may be a warning to them.'

Later on in the day we visited the poultry and looked in on their majesties, and they certainly appeared to be in a most pitiable condition, lolling their heads and drooping their wings, refusing even the choicest morsels of food.

'Do you think they are sorry, Joseph?' I said. 'They look very wretched.'

'Sorry, miss? Not they! It's a drop more gin they wants, an' be wretched 'cos they ain't got it.'

The following morning we were at breakfast, when Joseph put his head in at the door.

'What is it, Joseph?' asked uncle.

'Drunk again, sir,' and the old man's face was puckered with smiles.

'Disgraceful! In the morning, too! Pen them all up, Joseph, Something must be done.'

'Couldn't you pass some measure of 'local option' that would apply to the case?' asked auntie, with a twinkle in her eye.

'They'd option the wrong way,' was the reply. 'Nothing less than an imperial measure of a most drastic nature will be effectual with them.'

After breakfast we went down to the yard and found things as Joseph had said. Not only the fowls, but an old drake and several ducks were in a disgraceful state of intoxication.

'This is getting serious,' said uncle. 'We'll let them out after dinner, Georgie, and watch them, We may find out where they get the drink from.'

In the afternoon we let them out, and no sooner had we done so than the whole colony, headed by King Tom and Queen Elizabeth, left the paddock and trotted across the meadow to the brook. We followed them, and there they were, drinking from the brook, as if they had not tasted a drop of water all day.

'Well, that's queer!' exclaimed Joseph, who stood rubbing his head; 'they can't get drunk on water!'

'I think I know what it is,' said uncle. 'Dip your hand in, Joseph, and smell the water.'

Joseph did so, and burst out laughing—

'Why, if it ain't grog, maister!'

'I thought so! They have been turning their refuse up at the distillery into the brook. Drive the fowls home, and pen them up again, Joseph.'

So the mystery was explained, but the trouble was not over until a lawsuit with the distillery company had been gained.

Paul Preaching at Athens.

LESSON IV., JULY 25.

Acts xvii., 22-34. Read verse 13-21.
Commit verse 24-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.—John iv., 24.

Home Readings.

M. Acts xvii., 13-21. Paul brought unto Athens.

T. Acts xvii., 22-34. Paul Preaching in Athens.

W. I. Kings viii., 22-30. The Heavens cannot contain God.

Th. John iv., 5-26. God must be worshipped in Spirit.

F. Isa. xl., 12-31. 'To whom will ye liken God?'

S. Psalm xcvii., 1-12. 'The Heavens declare his righteousness.'

S. John xiv., 1-31. 'The Way, the Truth, and the Life.'

Lesson Story.

When Paul left Berea on account of the persecution stirred up there by Jews, from Thessalonica he went down to the sea and took ship for Athens, about two hundred miles to the south. He sent a message back to Silas and Timothy to come to him as soon as possible that they might all proceed on their journey.

Athens was a most beautiful city, its chief glory being a huge statue of Athenia, forty feet high, made of gold and ivory, another statue of the same goddess, seventy feet high and made of bronze, stood near the Parthenon. There are said to have been 'over three thousand public statues in Athens, besides a countless number of lesser images within the walls of private houses. Of this number the great majority were statues of gods, demi-gods, or heroes.' Paul's heart was stirred to its depths at the sight of so many idols and so much idol worship and daily in the market place and on the Sabbath in the synagogue he discussed and reasoned with all those who would listen to his preaching.

After a time Paul attracted the interest of the Epicureans and Stoics, the leaders in philosophy and religion, the leaders of deep thinking not only in Greece but in the whole world. These after questioning Paul for some time requested him to leave the market place and to go and make known his views before the Areopagus, a council of the most august philosophers, politicians and orators.

Paul standing in the midst of the court addressed them on the topic of 'The True God.' It was against the law for any one to attempt to disturb the religion of the state by setting forth any new god. But Paul, with admirable tact, begins his speech by the remark that he has seen what a religious people they are, and noticed an alter inscribed 'To the Unknown God,' therefore he wished to make known to them the character and attributes of this God whom they knew not, the only true God. God created the world and all that is therein, and made man and gave him life. This God, therefore, cannot be likened to images of gold and silver, but they would be excused for not having known before. Now they were commanded to repent of their sins and turn to God who gave his Son that man might be saved, and raised him from the dead.

But when they heard of the resurrection, some mocked and others promised to hear him again. Quite a number of converts were made here, however, among whom were Dionysius, a prominent and learned man, and a woman named Damaris.

Lesson Hymn.

Have you any room for Jesus,
He who bore your load of sin;
As he knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let him in?

Room for pleasure, room for business;
But for Christ, the crucified—
Not a place that he can enter,
In the heart for which he died!

Have you any room for Jesus,
As in grace he calls again?
Oh, 'To-day,' is 'time accepted,'
To-morrow you may call in vain.

Room and time now give to Jesus:
Soon will pass God's day of grace;
Soon thy heart be cold and silent,
And thy Saviour's pleading cease.

Room for Jesus, King of Glory!
Hasten now, his word obey!
Swing the heart's door widely open!
Bid him enter while you may!

Lesson Hints.

'The Unknown God.' — The heathen not only make images of, and do worship to every god they know or have heard about, but, lest there might be some deity who would molest them were it not propitiated, they raised altars and did sacrifice to these 'unknown gods.' Paul cleverly seizes this opportunity to make known the true God who was indeed unknown to them.

'Dwelleth not in temples'—but dwelleth in the heart of every true believer, by his Holy Spirit.

'He giveth to all.'—'Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Light, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'—(Jas. I., 17.)

'Hath made of one blood all nations.' — All are descended from Adam, and 'since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' (I. Cor. xv., 21, 22.)

'They should seek the Lord'—Our hearts long for the rest and joy that can only be found in God.

'Not far from every one of us'—He hears the softest whisper, the faintest sigh of longing. He satisfies the longing soul.

'We are also his offspring.'—Created in his image and likeness. (Gen. I., 27; v., 1.)

'Like unto gold or silver.'—An inanimate idol. The true God is a living God, the creator of life.

'The times of this ignorance God winked at.'—overlooked. When we sin unconsciously we are excused, but 'to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.' (Jas. iv., 17.)

'That man whom he hath appointed.' — The man Christ Jesus, perfect God and perfect man united.

'He raised him from the dead.'—'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.' (I. Cor. xv., 19, 20.)

Search Questions.

Explain the difference between the one and only true God, and the false gods of the heathen, give texts.

Primary Lesson.

There is but one God. God who made the heavens and earth, God who made Adam and Eve and every living creature, God who gives us life and strength and love to serve him. There is but one God, yet there are three persons in God, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. These three are one. This is something we cannot exactly understand, but we know that it is true. So we believe it though we cannot understand. It may help a little if we think about water and snow and ice, they are three quite different things, yet they are all the same, they are all water.

Do you remember the first verse in the bible? 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' Now turn to the first verse of the first chapter of the Gospel written by St. John, what does it say? 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.' Who was 'The Word'? The chapter goes on to explain that 'The Word' was our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God. If you look at the second verse of the first chapter of Genesis, the first book in the bible, you will find that it mentions, 'The Spirit of God,' that is the Holy Spirit, or the Holy Ghost.

So you see, God alone created the world, yet the Holy Spirit and our Lord Jesus were there, too, because they are God.

In the Old Testament times God alone spoke to and taught his people, the Jews, and he would send his Spirit to speak through men called prophets. God sent messages through these prophets that he would send a Saviour and King to them some day. At last the Saviour came, and in the Gospels we have some of the story of his beautiful life here on earth—how he became a little baby, and grew up to be a man, so that he might know and understand every one of the trials and temptations that ever came to any of us.

He suffered death for us so that we might not have to suffer punishment for our sins when we die, if we trust in him and love him. When he ascended up to heaven again he promised that he would send to all who love him a comforter, the Holy Spirit. And now God wants each one of you to receive his Holy Spirit, who will comfort and help you and teach you about Jesus.

God is a Spirit, and the Holy Spirit, is God, in our hearts.

'Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'There is a Green Hill,' 'When I Survey the Wondrous Cross,' 'Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, Alone,' 'Far, Far Away,' 'The Gospel Bells are Ringing,' 'Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty!'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

In teaching new doctrines the teacher should proceed from the known to the unknown, from the natural to the spiritual. Verse 22, 23. Though the Lord is the great giver, there are certain things he delighteth to receive. Verses 24, 25.

Compare Prov. xxiii., 26. Psa. xxix., 1, 2.

The brotherhood of man, when properly developed, leads up to the fatherhood of God. Verses 26, 27.

What an honor to be called the 'offspring of God.' How may we best show our appreciation of this matchless honor? Verses 28, 29.

Paul would not close his address without referring to the resurrection, without which his preaching would be incomplete. Verses 30, 31. Also I. Cor. xv., 14.

A few grasp the life-line which the evangelist throws out, but to the most of the Athenians the cross is foolishness. Verses 32-34.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

July 25.—False worship and true. — Matt. vi., 1-15.

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

July 25.—Things the bible tells us not to do. Ex. xx., 1-17.

Personal Giving.

Some one in giving a motive to benevolence, tells of a poor Protestant congregation in Lyons, which was endeavoring to build a small chapel. An old soldier brought all his three months' earnings.

'Can you spare so much ?' questioned the minister, in surprise.

'My Saviour spared not himself,' was the answer, tears of gratitude and love falling down his cheeks, 'but freely gave his life for me ; surely I can spare one-quarter of a year's salary to extend his kingdom on earth.'

Would there were more givers like the generous and appreciative old soldier.—Ernest Girmore.

Provide a Substitute.

It is a poor way of doing to let a Sabbath-school class shift for itself when a teacher is away. This has a demoralizing effect. Teachers who cannot or will not attend regularly ought to have conscience enough to provide a suitable substitute; and if they do not, the superintendent should secure a temporary teacher. While the frequent changing of teachers is not the best thing for the class, yet it is far better than allowing it to go without any teaching. Nothing but unavoidable necessity should keep the teacher away from his class a single day, and then he should make the best possible provision during his absence.—American Paper.

HOUSEHOLD.

Etiquette For Young People.

THE COMPANY DINNER.

(By Cousin Belle.)

For a small party it is not necessary to be very formal, but a few rules help to make things go smoothly. The hostess should plan beforehand where each person is to sit. The principal lady among the guests should sit at the right hand of the host. The other guests should be placed with a view to several considerations, such as keeping up cheerful conversation. Do not put all the shy and quiet people on the same side of the table. It is usual to have the ladies and gentlemen placed alternately round the table. If there are, for example, five ladies and five gentlemen present it can be done very nicely. When dinner is announced the hostess may lead the way to the dining-room, but the more formal way is for the host to offer his arm to the principal lady guest, and for the others to follow by twos. If the hostess indicates to a young man which lady he is to sit beside, he makes some pleasant remark to the lady and walks in with her. He should not offer her his arm unless the occasion is very formal.

If the first course is soup everyone should take some whether he likes it particularly or not. One reason soup so often begins a dinner is that it is quickly served and everyone has something to eat immediately. Therefore at a dinner-party you should not refuse soup. You can taste it, or merely put your spoon in it and fill up the time with talking to your neighbor, but do not appear to be waiting hungrily for something else. A thick piece of bread, square or brick-shaped, will be found beside each person's knife. This is not to be crumbed into the soup, but eaten dry in small pieces broken by the fingers—not bitten. Perhaps you will have fish instead of soup. Some people have both soup and fish before the meat, but that makes rather a long dinner. If you find two knives and two forks at your place the smaller knife and fork is probably for fish. If you have only a steel knife eat the fish with a fork only. Steel knives should not be used for fish or salad, but they are considered the best for cutting meat. With fish potatoes are often served but not the other vegetables.

After soup or fish comes meat, probably two kinds, such as roast beef and chicken, not only to give a choice but so that all may be quickly helped. Potatoes and other vegetables are passed round. If there is salad or sliced tomatoes, small extra plates should be set at each place, so that cold things need not be mixed with hot. The pudding is helped by the hostess. If there is a pie as well it may be cut at the same time by some one else. Coffee comes afterward, and the plates are changed again for fruit or ice-cream. Bananas should be eaten with a fork. An orange can be very elegantly managed by cutting it in two—not, as it were, from pole to pole, but through the equator, and digging out the pulp and juice carefully with a teaspoon. This can be done without soiling one's fingers or spilling much of the juice on the plate, but you may find that it requires a little practice. It is quite permissible to peel an orange and break it into sections. But each of the natural divisions, unless the orange is very small, should be broken in two before eating. Pears and apples should be cut in quarters first. Then peel and eat one quarter at a time. The coffee cups used at dessert are small.

When dinner is finished the hostess generally takes advantage of a pause in the conversation to catch the eye of a lady near the other end of the table, and both move their chairs at the same moment and the company rises. The ladies go first in leaving the dining-room, the hostess and the principal lady guests leading the way.

Company Dinner Problems. — 1. At a quiet house there arrive the same day four people who intend to stay a short time. The youngest son of the family and his bride, just returned from their wedding tour, an aged aunt who often visits here and a young lady who is almost a stranger. At dinner that day which lady has the place of honor, the right hand of the host and why?

2. What is the proper way of eating cheese?

Address all answers to problems 'Cousin Belle.'

Sunday Morning Mending.

By Susan Teall Perry.

'Isn't it wicked to sew on Sundays?' asked little Marjorie, as she stood by her mamma's side while waiting for a couple of missing buttons to be sewed on her waist.

'Not when it is a case of necessity,' replied the mother. Marjorie soon had the buttons in their places, her mamma finished helping her dress, and then the child went to look at her Sunday picture books.

'It does seem strange, Mary,' said her husband, 'that you have so many buttons to put on or holes to darn before we can get ourselves ready for church Sunday morning.'

'Bridget is so careless with her laundry work, she pays no attention to the buttons when she puts the clothes through the wringer, and she rubs holes in the garments when she puts them on the rubbing board.'

'But could you not look the clothes over when they come up from the wash before they are put away, and put delinquent buttons on, and place friendly stitches in gaping wounds of garments that have parted company and need a peace-maker to bring them together again?'

'Oh, yes; I suppose I could. I do hate mending the most of any of my household duties.'

'You are like the old woman I read about, who hated to wash so much that she said she always put it off all the week until Saturday. I am afraid the children will remember you as a mother who did her mending Sunday morning. I heard what Marjorie asked you a few minutes since and your answer. Do you really think this matter of Sunday morning mending is an act of necessity?'

A sharp retort came to the wife's lips, but she checked it, for she had already begun to question whether the answer she had given her little girl was a true one. There might be justifiable cases where something about a garment might give away at the last moment, and a few stitches must be taken to readjust it. But the mother knew perfectly well, when she looked at the matter in its true light, that she did encroach upon the day in which we are commanded to do only the work that is necessary, by leaving the mending needed at the time of changing garments until just before they were put on. We do not feel quite pleasant, usually, when we are reminded of our shortcomings, even by those who are nearest and dearest to us. The wife knew her husband's words were just ones, but she maintained a silence which is indicative, at such times, of the supposition that we consider ourselves the injured party. Even the children coming in from Sunday-school late in the afternoon, with their library books and Sunday-school papers, did not meet with the helpful words and pleasant smiles mother always gave them at that hour. As George Macdonald says, 'The hardest words to say, in the whole English language, are, "I was wrong."' And it is just such little neglects as that of mending at the proper time, that make

'The little rifts within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute'

in the home.

Every Sunday morning some one had to wait in the midst of the preparations for church for the duty to be performed that should have been done at an opportune time. This habit of the mother not only hindered others in their preparations, but often led to irritation and delay in getting ready for the Sunday duties at the proper time.

It is always a sweet time in our lives when by God's grace we are led to 'come to ourselves' and look at things in their true light. The mother sat in her room after putting her little ones to bed that night and thought of her answer to her little girl. Did she wish that child to grow up with a remembrance of her mother doing the mending on God's day?

When her husband came in some time later she said:

'You were quite right about the Sunday morning mending. I am never going to do my mending again on that day. After this I am going to devote one afternoon of every week religiously to my duty of putting garments in order. It has been a very shiftless habit I have had of putting off one of the essential duties of my office of housekeeper and homekeeper until the last moment, because it was irksome to me. I don't wish to have a child of mine ever ask me again if it is wicked to sew on Sunday. I must conquer my aversion to mending and learn to love it.'

Of course her good husband stooped over and kissed her. Then he whispered, 'We shall all be more comfortable and happier for that, my dear.'

Marjorie never saw any more Sunday morning mending in her home. Every garment was made wearable before it was put in its place, after being taken out of the wash basket.

If a young homekeeper and housekeeper would consider this mending subject one of great importance to the comfort and well-being of her family, she would form a habit at the beginning of having a stated time to do the mending. It is quite as necessary to have a mending day, as to have washing day, ironing day and sweeping day established ones, and only unavoidable circumstances should hinder the respective duties being performed at the stated time.—'The Christian Work.'

Selected Recipes.

Asparagus Salad.—Cut off the tough ends and cook in enough boiling salt water to cover, about one half hour. Drain, cut into pieces an inch long; serve cold with cream dressing.

Rice Waffles.—One cup of boiled rice, one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, butter size of a walnut, and flour to make a thin batter.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

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